# THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

### THE WITNESS OF THE DUST.

Voices are crying from the dust of Tyre,
From Baalbec and the stones of Babylon—
"We raised our pillars upon Self-Desire,
And perished from the large gaze of the sun."

Eternity was on the pyramid,
And immortality on Greece and Rome;
But in them all the ancient Traitor hid,
And so they tottered like unstable foam.

There was no substance in their soaring hopes:
The voice of Thebes is now a desert cry;
A spider bars the road with filmy ropes
Where once the feet of Carthage thundered by.

A bittern booms where once fair Helen laughed;
A thistle nods where once the forum poured;
A lizard lifts and listens on a shaft
Where once of old the colosseum roared.

No house can stand, no kingdom can endure,
Built on the crumbling rock of Self-Desire:
Nothing is Living Stone, nothing is sure,
That is not whitened in the social fire.

—Edwin Markham.

# THE PACIFIC

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**W. W. Ferrier, Editor,**
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## A MAN WITH A MESSAGE.

Pilgrim Church, Oakland, looks forward with pleasurable anticipation to next Sunday, when the Rev. W. Elsworth Lawson enters on the pastorate to which he was called recently from Mexico City, Mexico, where he had labored for eleven years.

We have had the pleasure of reading during the past week a delightful little story entitled "Euphrosyne and Her Golden Book," written by Mr. Lawson a few years ago.

Euphrosyne,"the Lady of Joy," came into a noble man's life for a brief time and then was taken from him into the life beyond. The book tells how he met Euphrosyne—so named by him, and how she was soon parted from him forever upon earth. Tender and touching is the message which comes to us in this book. The lover addresses his beloved and chronicles some of their experiences. Telling in one place of a walk they had one day along the cliffs as the sun gently sank behind the far marge of the sea, he says: "Men spoke of the sun as dying, you said, when it had only passed beyond our present vision. All death, so terrible to the thought of most men, was only like that. You were glad to be alive upon the earth, glad to walk there with me by the shore, to listen to the waves, and to gather fresh flowers, to answer love with more love; but death also was a beautiful thing, for it was one of the ways the Father had chosen by which his children should find an entrance into a fuller life of knowledge and sweet service."

In another place Euphrosyne's lover tells her of a time when he had wondered at her knowledge of love, and that she had said to him it was not knowledge, but a dim groping after it. "No one could really know what the inmost soul of love was, for then God would stand fully disclosed. We could only catch glimpses of her here and there, swift manifestations of her presence, but what she was in herself was hidden in the very being of God. Even the finest poetry only dimly apprehended her surpassing glory. Love the Father had kept in his own hands, and her complete revelation was reserved for the future."

One of the chapters of this book which especially impresses the present writer is that on "Love's Dishonouring." In this chapter the lover tells Euphrosyne of a time when he would have shirked duty so as to be with her. "You led me into the cottage as though I were a little child," he says, "and there I told you of the temptation that had gripped me so sorely. You would not believe that I had really intended staying behind. Such love as ours could not so shame our souls, you said. It was only passion that was selfish. Love transfigured the human soul, making it aware of its highest function—to serve. It could not be from God if it caused us to forget the rest of the Father's children in the love of one."

One does not wonder that Euphrosyne's lover should say, after she had been taken from him, and after a few years had passed and the baptism of sorrow that had descended upon him had finished its work,—that he should say: "I saw that Euphrosyne had been allowed to cross my life-line and halt for ever so brief a moment to minister to me, and I am richer today because I have known her and loved her: considering myself because of her to be still in God's debt. For Euphrosyne is more real to me today than in the fair days of her flesh, and the shining of her eyes and the shining of her face make my morning every day."

Not for a long time has the present writer read a book with message so tender and touching and helpful as this one by Mr. Lawson. Because of it, The Pacific gives him special welcome to the work of the kingdom on the Pacific coast.

May it be his to brighten and gladden many lives here and gather much soul fruitage for the Master!

## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

In addition to his work as pastor of the Congregational Church at Sunnyside, Washington, the Rev. H. F. Burgess will edit the Sunnyside Valley Republican.

The series of sermons on "The Young Man's Affairs," given recently in the First Congregational Church of Oakland by the Rev. Charles R. Brown have been published in pamphlet form and will be on sale this week in the book stores. The sermons attracted a large attendance, some of the evenings many being turned away because of lack of room.

The Rev. H. H. Wikoff contributed to the last number of the Church Building Quarterly a valuable article on "San Francisco and Her Suburbs." Mention is made in Mr. Wikoff's article of The Pacific as one of the important agencies for Congregationalism and the church kingdom on the Coast.

Secretary Garfield of the Department of the Interior reports a marked and constant increase in the number of insane persons in Alaska. Isolation from civilizaion and extreme cold are given among the reasons for this increase. At present the Alaska insane are cared for in a sanitarium at Portland, Oregon, at a cost to the government of $348 a year per capita. An additional appropriation of $75,000 has been asked for, all the funds hitherto provided having been expended.

Professor Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary will have a sabbatical year after the close of this seminary year. Early in May he will leave for the East, filling several lecture engagements en route, at Salt Lake City, Denver and other places, and in June will go abroad. Part of the time will be spent in travel, part in study. Among the universities attended will be those at Berne, Zurich, Berlin and Paris. It will be a year which will prove in after years fruitful for the seminary of which Professor Bade is a part,

and for the uplift of all the religious and educational interests with which it is directly and indirectly connected.

The Whitman College Pioneer speaks very highly of a series of addresses given recently in the college chapel by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Walla Walla. No series of addresses ever given there it is said were listened to with greater interest or with greater benefit. Among the things quoted from the addresses was the following: "It is the business of the church to get Heaven into men, not men into Heaven. The church is a school for the education of the ignorant, a hospital for the care of the sin-sick, a rest for those who are weary and heavy ladened, a place where the fallen can be helped upon their feet, a family for the children of God. The church invites men not to come as visitors but to come as members of the household. There are two reasons why you should join the church. First, you should join the church for the ennoblement and enrichment of your own life. Take it for granted that men can live noble lives outside of the church. It is also true that a man can beat out his education at home. Why do you go to school? Because it is the normal place to go for an education. The second reason why you should join the church is for the sake of others whom you can help. We find educated men and women saying, 'Why should we join the church?' The answer seems to me to be threefold. We are all members one of another and the church stands for the realization of that without which our lives would not be worth living. Physiologically we are all members of one another. There is not a single thing that we eat nor a garment that we wear that is not the product of thousands of hands. Intellectually we are members one of another. There are very few of us, indeed, who do not read some newspaper or book, the product of other's hands. Spiritually we are members one of another. There is not a single virtue that belongs to life that grows in a vacuum. The church stands in the world for the realization of Christian fellowship."

The Rev. Dr. George R. Wallace, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Toledo, Ohio, formerly of Westminster Congregational Church of Spokane, Washington, sends in two dollars for The Pacific this year with the remark that it is worth that and that people ought to pay that for it. We agree with Dr. Wallace that The Pacific is worth two dollars a year to anyone who is interested in good reading and in the work of Christ's kingdom. Nevertheless it seemed expedient to reduce the price to one dollar and a half. And it is hoped that this rate along with the introductory rate of $1.00 to all new subscribers for the first year will put it into many more homes and keep it there. In the letter from Dr. Wallace were enclosed several of the weekly bulletins of the church of which he is the pastor in Toledo. On one we notice the following incident: "The worshipers were leaving the large church. The minister had led his hearers to feel no life could be truly successful, until animated by love and service for others; that the flowers of ambition would fade, amid the wintry blasts surging against heights reached without these graces. The 'Amen,' with which the choir concluded the benediction, still echoed through the building, as some of the people reverently passed to the busy streets of the great city. In front of one of the great hotels, one of the worshipers observed a boy. In his hand were two flowers, one of which he offered for sale. 'I cannot sell the other, lady; it is broken,' said the child. The pathetic, manly face touched a sacred chord, and the worshiper took the boy to a place where he secured a plentiful dinner. As he ate he said, 'You are spending a lot on me, lady. I have a dime and can help pay for this.' Conversation elicited the fact that he had been motherless since birth, and that his father did not like churches. As he went out into the streets again, a handful of flowers being given him, he said,'Your're so good to me, lady.' The one who did this kindness said afterward, 'Had I not gone to church the inspiration of the sermon would never have reached and moved me. Had I been absent from church that morning the opportunity for meeting the boy would not have come to me.' This is not a fairy-tale. It happened last Sunday morning. The sermon was preached in this church. The worshiper going from this church blessed a life 'in His name.' How many inspiring impulses have you lost through forgetting the Father's house on Sunday?" Among the suggestive and interesting themes on which Dr. Wallace has been preaching recently we notice the following: Is Christianity Dying, as Pagan Religions Died? The 2000 year Struggle: Beliefs Abandoned by Christians and Beliefs Abandoned by Infidels. What Remains of Christianity That Can and Ought to be Received?

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## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

There are 80,000 negroes in New York City and the number increasing at the rate of nearly 6,000 a year.

Latest statistics show the church membership in the United States to be 34,282,543. Considerably more than one third of our population is enrolled in the churches.

Six hundred thousand letters were dropped into the boxes at the New York postoffice on Park Row between five p. m. and eight p. m., one of the days just before Chiristmas.

The Grand River Irrigation project in Colorado will cost approximately $2,500,000. The area thus reclaimed will include about 50,000 acres. Some of the valuable orchard land in the world is included.

During December 1908, 15,000 Bibles in thirty-one languages, were distributed by the New York Bible Society among the immigrants at Ellis Island, the sailors in the harbor and the various nationalities throughout the city.

The Rev. Dr. Jefferson informs us that we were in error in stating recently that only fifteen of the ninety-six persons who united with Broadway Tabernacle last year by letter came from Congregational churches; that the number was forty-six.

"Unless we Protestants stop working against each other we are going to fail in America," says Rev. David G. Wylie of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, New York City. And in this age of the world working without thorough and hearty cooperation is working against each other in effect.

James J. Hill, the noted railroad magnate, looks for an increasing shortage in farm porducts unless people are educated agriculturally. He would have each state make annual appropriations for the sending out of agricultural

college graduates to instruct farmers how to till the soil so as to reach the highest possibe productiveness.

Mayor George B. McClellan of New York, has been appointed to succeed the late Grover Cleveland in the Stafford Little Lectureship at Princeton. President Woodrow Wilson speaks of Mayor McClellan as one who "in high positions of public trust has exhibited a sturdy courage and regard for principle like Mr. Cleveland's own, and whose gifts as a writer and speaker especially qualify him for the functions of the lectureship."

President Taft said not long ago: "It comes over me every once in a while, when I am charged with accomplishing something among a people, how absolutely essential it is that we should have the influence of the Church behind everything we do." In view of this remark the local council of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip arranged a meeting in Broadway Tabernacle, New York on the evening of the 4th of March, the devotional part of which was to be prayer on behalf of the new President, that his administration might be one of righteousness and peace.

The estimated population of New York City in 1910 is 4,810,000. A statistician figures that in 1920 it will be 7,000,000; in 1930, 9,800,000; 1940, 13,700,000; in 1950, 19,250,000. In 1950 the distribution is as follows: Manhattan 2,000,000; Brooklyn 7,000,000; Bronx 4,000,000; Queens 6,000,000; Richmond 250,000. Manhattan, the statistician says, will never have a population of more than 2,500,00. "That the population of manhattan will decrease is beyond dispute. Within a very few years there will be practically no residential population south of Fity-ninth street, leaving less than 5,000 acres to house the residents of the borough, or an average of more than 500 persons to the acre. The rapid progress uptown of business buildings points to an early and much to be desired solution of the city's great social problem, the congested East Side tenement districts; as within a decade property south of Fourteenth street, and probably south of Thirty-fourth street, will have become too valuable for use for residential or tenement house purposes."

People are going nowadays into Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Colorado, very differently financially from the way in which they went years ago into Kansas and Nebraska. Then the settlers mainly were poor and the ox-team and the dug-out were familiar everywhere. A Nebraska man who was on a tour in the Southwest recently says that the new-comers pay $100 an acre now for land and deposit money in banks. "In the Panhandle, lands that brought $1 an acre ten years back are worth $15 to $30 an acre now; the settlers bring carloads of household goods and money for deposit. In the Pecos valley, no poor man need apply. Land sells from $80 to $100 an acre without improvements, and apple and peach orchards from $300 up. In the Grand River valley of Colorado lands with apple and peach orchards in bearing bring $1,000 to $1,5000 an acre. Across the Panhandle, the other day, I saw for 200 miles on either side the railway on nearly every quarter section a house and a windmill where it was open grazing land three years ago. Many farmers were ploughing; one had a steam engine pulling twenty-four ploughs. Land values are based on a crop every year, and are higher than they should be; but there is nothing unhealthy about the Southwest's prosperity, and nothing can stop it except a failure of production on the land."

## THE REVOLUTIONARY METHODS OF JESUS.

**George C. Adams, D. D.**

Then came to him the discipes of John, saying, why do we and the Pharisees fast oft, but thy disciples fast not? Matthew 9:14.

With our free spirit and happy way of living it is hard for us to realize how revolutionary Jesus' methods were; the church of that day was a matter of forms and ceremonies, and religion was a constant tax on the nervous system. The disciples of Jesus were going about with him, uttery oblivious of fasts and special days; all days seemed alike to them if the Master was with them, and the devout Jews who saw them were scandalized by their carelessness of the forms of religion. So John's disciples came with their question. How small the questions seems now; in fact as Dr. Joseph Paker has said you rarely find any one coming with a great question about the Christian life, or about the Bible; most of the inquires then and now are about things unimportant, and having no real relation to a living faith.

The difference between Jesus' disciples and other people that these men noticed was magnified as time went on; Christians became a peculiar people; at the time of the text the difference was between old forms and the new spirit; later it became the difference between a true life and a false one, and the same lack of fasting and cheerful acceptance of whatever experience came to them was manifest. Tertullian dares the Roman government to find in any of the jails of the empire any christians who were there for any other crime than that of being a Christian, and we have no record of an answer to his challenge; he states positively that those who have been arrested for committing crimes are other than the followers of Jesus.

Jesus' answer to the question is startling; to the questioners there would seem to be no religion in it, but the Son of God made the statement; the kind of religious life he wanted was one perfectly natural, and unbound by any traditions or ceremonial claims. He compared the new life to a marriage feast, and his disciples to the friends of the bridegroom, whose chief anxiety was to add to the joy of the occasion. Any one who tried then or now to fast on a marriage occasion would have a hard time of it; he would be totally out of keeping with his surroundings, and would mar the joy of others. Fasting because it was Thursday would be ridiculous when the Master was at hand and the disciples were filled with happiness as they saw and heard him. The whole question of fasting is settled here; there are proper times for fasting, and when they come will be time enough; after the bridgroom is taken away they will fast, because they will have no spirit for eating. We had a good illustration of this on the 18th and 19th of April, 1906; nearly all of us fasted those days; perhaps we have not thought of it before, but we did; it took most of us two or three days to get out of the habit of it, and many a good wife had to urge her husband and children to take the food the system needed; our minds were too busy with other matters to give much thought to the appetite. The old New England habit of appointing a Fast Day every April has died a natural death; Thanksgiving Day lives on, and extends its sway over all the nation; and this is in strict accordance with the teachings of Jesus. No long face because one is his disciple but a happy look, and a cheerful voice, and real enjoyment of God's greatest gift to us, is the key note of Christian behavior.

Jesus' teaching is that whatever we do must be sin-

cere; if it comes from the heart God will know it. There are people who can sincerely worship through forms and ceremonies, and where they can't it is real worship, but to most it is impossible; the form absorbs the attention, and the real fact for which it stands is forgotten. The historians tell us that when Cortez conquered Mexico, and planted the Christian religion of that day among the people, it was only an exchange of idols; the Christian symbols took the place of those of the Aztec religion, and meant no more than they. It is taking several centuries and much hard work for Mexico to learn the heart of Christ's teachings; and in the process many have fallen out because they did not understand what the sincere efforts of their priests really meant. It is good to have a certain time in the day for prayer; it is good to worship at stated seasons, and many blessings have come from such observance; but the chief value of this regular worship is in keeping the soul full of the thought of worship, and ready for the blessing the Father will send.

Henry Ward Beecher while lecturing to the students at Yale many years ago, stopped in the midst of his talk, pulled out a little match-safe, lit a match, and turned into the corner, and stood there in perfect silence. All wondered what he was about; finally he said in a subdued voice, "I am lost in rapturous contemplation of the glories of the sun." Of course it was ridiculous, and he intended it to be; then he went on to speak of the mistake of trying to see God through symbols that cannot reveal Him adequately, when the great Father himself stands ready to commune directly with his child: This difference was seen in the spirit developed by the teachings of Jesus; while the orthodox people of that time were splitting hairs over matters of worship that did not edify, the disciples of Jesus were going about filled with the living Spirit, conquering the world in his name. The worst setback the cause ever received was when those old forms reasserted themselves, and were foisted on the new religious life as a necessary part of it. The greatest activity in Christian work and worship has been for long where the least importance was attributed to the symbols, the fasts and the ceremonials, and the most emphasis was given to the religion of the heart.

Jesus went on to say something, that those who heard little understood, but the meaning has been becoming clearer ever since. You would not take a piece of cloth from a new garment, or a new piece of undressed cloth, and put it as a patch on an old and worn out one; it will hold so firmly, and perhaps shrink a little, that it will tear the old cloth all in pieces. The bottles of that time were made of skins of the smaller animals, carefully sewed up, and made water tight. When they had been used for a time they would become less flexible, hard in places, and if you put new wine in them the fermentation would stretch the skins beyond their power of adaption, the skins would burst, and be spoiled, and the wine be lost. Jesus evidently meant that it was folly to try to put some of the old forms on the new religion; you could not make it part Jewish and part Christian; the new cloth of Jesus' heart life would tear the wornout cloth of religious ceremony, and what you would have would be neither Jewish nor Christian; the new wine of Christianity would burst the old forms, and the old eligion would be spoiled, and the new one would be lost.

This is a pretty hard blow at eclecticism in religion; those who tell us that all religions are good will do well if they add that one is best undoubtedly the ethnic religions have done much good; we are recognizing this and giving credit for it wherever it is true; but it was the amount of real heart worship they contained that did it; and their failure to take a race beyond a certain point has been because they had but a partial truth. We shall gain nothing patching Christianity on to worn out religions that have been moribund for centuries; we do not aid them, and we lose the Christ spirit in what we do. Jesus does not ask us to take what religion we already have, and try to make it hold his revelation; we shall burst the old forms and lose the new religion.

Jesus' demand was a complete consecration to him and his service; the trouble with some of those who offered to go with him, and were sent away, was that they did not apprehend his demand; the man who would go and bid his friends farewell would do it in the old way, and it was a long and formal service. He who would go and 'bury his father would do it according to the old custom, and be a week or two about it; the new religion meant now, while Jesus was passing, and when he could mould the disciple's life after his own. When a man had been a Christian for a time some of these old manners and customs became uncouth, and had no attractive force. Paul grasped the thought when he talked about the new man and the old man; not a compromise man, but a new creature. The same demand is made now; not that we graft the new faith on the old habits, but that we allow the new faith to make in us new habits; give the whole heart to God, and let his Spirit lead to a new way of doing things, or of doing them in a new spirit.

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## PURE TEACHING FOR BOYS.

**By Frederick S. Curtis.**

(Principal Curtis School for Boys, Brookfield Centre, Conn.)

It is a remarkable and startling fact that most children receive in their homes no instruction whatever from those who should give it about the physiology of sex, the source and beginnings of plant and animal life, intimate habits of personal purity, mistakes that may be made through ignorance, or the secredness of the relations that are designed to exist between man and woman. The innocent and proper questions of the children on these points, asked of those in whom they have greatest faith, are often met by evasion or misrepresentation, instead of the simple truth unfolded according to their comprehension, and given in the spirit of trust in which it was sought; usually these little seekers for information are made to feel guilty for having thought of such things.

What could be more natural than the innocent questionings of a child in the face of the familiar phenomena of animal life? Such questions are right and logically apt, and the seekers have a claim on their instructors to know the truth and its purity. Can you check these inquiring tendencies? Suppose you do; what next? A mystery has been thrown around the matter, and has rendered it additionally attractive. The little minds, quick and ready to take information from all sources, are now anxious to learn more of this forbidden subject; they turn to those who will satisfy them, and find on every hand the ready instructors, but of another ilk—unprincipled servants, school companions, children on the street, even the children of honored friends. These fountains of knowledge are corrupt, fed by ignorance, and often indescribably vile. Before you even suspect it, your child's mind is polluted, his innocence has received a shock from which he will be slow to recover, and his tender

life has been turned in its growth towards most unlovely issues. Every child is bound to know these things, and you cannot keep him from his birthright. It is merely a question of who shall be his instructor in the highest relations of life,—whether he shall learn these things from the pit or from the skies.

I assure you this state of things is to be found **everywhere**, and almost everybody seems in league with the powers of darkness to keep it hidden. It is time that Christians were awake to the crying need of instruction on these matters in our schools. **There is nothing in the world half so powerful as right knowledge to suppress impurity of thought, word and deed.** Whoever is responsible for the training of children and is unwilling to instruct them about the meaning and the sacred relations of sex takes an untenable position. He practically confesses that ignorance is better than knowledge. The child with its healthy instincts unconsciously repudiates this assumption, and will forever continue to do so. The whole subject, rightly studied, is in itself so essentially beautiful, and so ennobling in all its relations to character, that one cannot unfold it step by step to children without finding in it new impulse to delicacy of thought and to elevation of purpose. "Impurity is not what one knows, but what one loves."

Now every year new boys are brought to me; there are few among them who do not possess some secret knowledge about this tabooed subject, and of course sadly distorted ideas of it, and thoughts of shame where no shame should exist. The father, and even the mother, does not usually know what knowledge the child possesses. Commonly it is true that both have refrained from exchanging confidences with him about such things, through this same sense of shame, or a false modesty arising out of the errors in which most of us have been educated. I cannot permit this condition to exist longer in children for whose education I have assumed responsibility. All the boys come under my personal instruction in this work which I delegate to no one. I classify them by age and development, and gradually unfold before them the knowledge they ought to possess. There is no inherent difficulty in doing this; a child's instincts are naturally so normal in the reception of truth and the acquisition of knowledge, that it is an easy task to present the elementary facts of sex to him. To begin with his relations to his mother opens the subject without a shock to the most delicate sensibility; and thereafter the field is open to further instruction with no other limit than is imposed by a boy's age and advancement.

What unthought-of possibilities lie in this new relation of teacher and learner. What new dignity the child feels in the possession of such wonderful knowledge. The spirit in which boys receive this instruction is one of unmistakable candor, and their frank questions as the time of these talks with them, offered without a sign of embarrassment, display a degree of confidence which we could ill afford to lose from our mutual relations. If they should have a secret communication by glance or wink or nudging of elbows, or should pretend innocence by questions whose real motive was the entertainment of the little crowd by reference to hidden knowledge held in common, I should know it, because I know boys; I have never once seen such a thing. I am writing this as of itself sufficient justification for giving such instruction, even if no higher ends were secured. There is almost no vulgarity nor obscenity among our boys, and the confidence between them and us is more complete and more easily maintained than would be possible under any other conditions. You can have no conception of what this means without a parallel experience. The standards of the typical schoolboy's life, with its confessed undercurrents of perverted knowledge, do not gain a footing here. For all this personal teaching I take my boys in groups to my little study in the grove. These Sunday afternoons are some of the brightest spots in the school year.

The immediate effect of these teachings upon the government of the school family—a very important part of the training the school offers—is wholesome to the last degree, and so far-reaching that there is no room in these pages to elaborate it. Yet I must mention one result that is significant; these boys are amenable to the control of women through a real courtesy and chivalry that cannot fail to impress you if you ever come to see them; in their faces and bearing and their confident ways before us will be found convincing proof that too strong a claim has not been made for the value of such teachings in a child's life.

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## THE DISPENSARY NOT A "SOLUTION," BUT A DELUSION.

### A Reply to Dr. H. S. Smith in McClure's for February.

**By Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, Ph.D.**

Dr. H. S. Williams was speaking scientifically when, in McClure's for October, he marshaled the evidence from medical science that even occasional drinking of intoxicating liquors is harmful, so much so, for example, that thirty-five grains of alcohol decreases the work of typesetters ten per cent. His "M. D.", however, gives him no advantage over others when in the February McClures he essays to present "The Scientific Solution of the Liquor Problem." In the opening of this article he shows impressively that what injures the individual physically and mentally injures the nation, pointing out that the census figures show that the per capita adult consumption of liquors is greater than the thirty-five grains that slowed up the typesetter one tenth. The nation's productivity pays a devil's tithe to the drink traffic. He argues soundly that it would be legitimate to prohibit the liquor traffic because of its threefold injury, to the individual, to the community, to the race; but he declares—and here he leaves the scientific ground of fact for aerial flights into what has been aptly called the "Almighty-must-be-ity," arguing that because there are many dollars and many people involved in the liquor business it would be disastrous to do what no one expects to do: blot it all out "suddenly." That he seeks to pass off as a "scientific" argument against prohibition. His repeated misuse of the word "sumptuary" as a synonym for "prohibitory" shows how far from scientific accuracy he has drifted, for "sumptuary laws" were laws against extreme luxury, not against wholesale poisoning of the public which he has proved to be the work of the liquor traffic. Again and again he uses "suddenly" and its equivalents to picure the prohibition policy as one that would "suddenly" blot out every distillery and brewery in the whole nation and "at once" abolish all liquor selling, the consequences of which sudden change he prophesies would be most revolutionary. Prohibition, however, is not an untried revolution of the future, as his argument assumes, but a slow historic evolution that has been long at work, by which town after town and state after state have reduced alcoholism by outlawing those who make it their business from morning till night to induce others to drink poisonous beverages. That is exactly what prohibition does. No prohibitory law prohibits drinking or contemplates sudden suppression of all use of alcohol. Prohibition has been put

in force in state after state, and town after town, and the disastrous economic revolution pictured by Dr. Williams has not occured.

Dr. Williams is most unscientific in giving us two assumptions in place of a real argument against prohibition. First, he assumes a theory of instantaneous suppression, directly contrary to the historic gradualness of the reform; and, second, he assumes, with no proof whatever at the very crux of his argument, that the prohibition which we have had for fifty-nine years has wrought no beneficial results, but only speak easies more numerous than the abolished saloons, and other increase of evil.

The only statistics needed to show how unscientific are those two assumptions are: first, prohibition's rapidly increasing areas after half a century of testing; and, second, the liquor dealers' unprecedented recent expenditures in anti-prohibition literature. Does any sane man believe that the brewers and distillers would spend this great educational fund and pay high licenses besides, to fight prohibition if "there would be scores of secret bars where now there is a single one?"

But Dr. Williams is unscientific not only in his effort to discredit prohibition, but also in urging for "the Gothenberg Plan" in that he wholly omits to tell us: (1) that Gothenberg itself has abandoned it for the new "Gothenberg Plan" of local prohibition; (2) that the reduction in drinking in Sweden and Norway, assumed to be the result of government ownership, is paralleled in Denmark, close at hand, where government ownership has not been adopted, suggesting irresistably that the benefits alleged have come from such forces as have been at work in both countries—the increase of local prohibition and of temperance agitation; (3) that South Carolina has given the government ownnership plan full trial for the United States and repudiates it, finding that it does not eliminate "cupidity," but spreads it through the whole body politic to the injury of politics and of public sentiment by application of the profits of liquor selling to the institutions of public interest; (4) that "disinterested management", like that of England, was tried in the "Doxology Saloon" of New York, with the result sharply expressed by the bar keeper, when the saints gave up the experiment and the "reformed saloon" became deformed once more—"religion and rum won't mix." It does not look as if Great Britain was satisfied with the "disinterested management" of those who got a sure five per cent on their "reformed saloons" when a bill to provide local prohibition gradually has but recently passed Parliament.

The "reformed saloon" of Dr. Williams will no doubt be hailed as a life-like picture of its own child by the liquor dealers' Model License League." This "League" has been in full blast for some months and Dr. Williams ought to be able to find in some of its reformed saloons a realization of the following ideal of a salaried liquor seller: "He could be depended on to enforce rigorously the law, which is now a dead letter upon most statute books, prohibiting the sale of intoxicants to any minor. * * He would very willingly become the distributor of literature dealing with the alcohol question. He would post on his bulletin boards * * * such epitomes of the effect of alcohol as are distributed by many British municipalities officially, and such abstracts of recent progress in the study of alcoholism as, for example, those sent out by the Scientific Temperance Federation of Boston. In a word, all the resources at his command could be made to count for temperance." All of which, offered in the name of science, recalls Mark Twain's remark on the "great dividends of theory" that "Science" gets "out of small investments of fact."

The assumption that "cupidity" is eliminated from the liquor traffic when it is changed from a private business in which one or two men pay the bartenders and get the net profits, to a public business in which the bartenders are salaried officials of government, and the profits are shared by the whole community is the most unscientific of all the many assumptions in this most unscientific article. The very reason that Great Britain, with a reform government, finds it seemingly impossible to stop the shipping of the accursed opium to China, which is struggling to suppress the drug, is because the cupidity back of the British opium trade is not of a few private individuals, but of all India, which would have to accept higher taxes if this unrighteous revenue should be canceled. The chief obstacle to canceling the "infernal revenue" from rum in the United States is that we pay the soldiers with it. Even the women of Mobile fought state prohibition in Alabama because the license fund had ben used to support their schools.

The very strongest scientific argument against government ownership of saloons is that it makes a respectable public institution out of a public curse. Portuguese Macao, off the coast of China, gets its revenue from gambling, and puts up over many a door on the street, "Licensed Gambling House." British Hong Kong near at hand frankly puts over many doors in its streets, "Licensed to Sell Intoxicating Liquors." Manila, the third point in this devlish triangle off the coast of China, in 1907 had over more than one hundred doors in its streets, "Licensed Opium Dealer." The argument Dr. Williams makes for government ownership of one of these three curses needs only to be applied to the other two to show its utter fallacy. The President and Congress smote down the opium signs. The attitude of the government toward all such evils for educational effect should be one of uncompromising hostility. Sin will not thus be made impossible, but we shall ulfill the purpose of law "to make it harder to do wrong and easier to do right."

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### THE INNS.

"A Pilgrim fares upon his way,
And ever changes inns;
One place of rest for yesterday,
Today another wins.

Behind him still the closing door,
And still the vacant room;
Before him still the untrod floor,
Strange roofs for every loom.

And so I hold my way alone,
Adown the changing years;
Last night on Jacob's dreaming stone,
Tonight, perhaps, in tears.

I pass, like Pilgrim, to his goal,
And drop my load of sin;
I catch the gleam of shining gold,
I near the Changeless Inn."

# Among the Churches

## CALIFORNIA.

**Soquel.**—The Rev. F. F. Pearse has presented his resignation, wishing it to take effect the last of April. He will rest awhile at Santa Cruz before entering on another pastorate.

**San Francisco, Mission.**—The church has sold its Olivet property at a good price and is to have the use of the building for nine months. The new building will cost about $40,000.

**Santa Ana.**—Steps have been taken for the purchase of additional ground adjoining the present church property so as to have adequate frontage for the proposed new house of worship.

**Colegrove.**—The Rev. A. E. Kidder has resigned as pastor. Under his leadership the church has had large growth and has become possessed of church property worth not less than $5,000, with no encumbrance.

**Pasadena, First.**—Last Sunday, Feb. 28, was a day of deep sorrow for the First Church of Pasadena, when Dr. R. R. Meredith announced his intention of presenting his resignation at the church business meeting on Wednesday evening. This announcement was not altogether unexpected by those who have noted with keenest regret the pastor's failing health during the past few months, but it leaves the church sorely troubled nevertheless, for Dr. Meredith is greatly beloved by the people for whom he has done so noble a work, and it will be difficult indeed to find a pastor to fill acceptably the pulpit he has so ably occupied. On taking up the work more than six years ago, being then broken in health after a fifteen years' pastorate at Tompkins Ave. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dr. Meredith stated that it was his intention when the church should be well established after its removal to the center of town, to withdraw and leave the work to younger shoulders to carry; but up to this winter, his health has been so much improved that he has been able to continue. During these six years much has been accomplished—the church established in a favorable location, a fine, well-equipped property accumulated and cleared of debt, and many additions made to the membership; and both pastor and congregation feel that a crowning touch has been given to a long and busy life in that he was permitted to accomplish so important a task in his declining years. Dr. Meredith in making the announcement stated that his resignation would be final, and would take effect immediately.

**Pacific Grove, Mayflower.**—The Philathea and Baraca classes held their third annual banquet on the evening of the 26th ult., in the auditorium of the new Sunday-school annex which was prettily decorated with streamers of purple and white crepe paper and greenery. Twenty-four were present at the first celebration held shortly after the organization of the Philathea Bible Class two years ago and sixty-five were in attendance last year. On this occasion there were seated ninety-seven young people. The names of each appeared on a card, each bearing a perfect little marine view painted by Mrs. J. W. Crawford, a local artist and member of the church, on the ends of which, folding over the face of the card, were the national emblems of the classes in colors. The tables were daintily set with snowy napery, glass and silver, the flower decorations being narcissus, fleur-de-lis, and smilax. The menu which was prepared and deftly served by members of the Mayflower Woman's Association, was one of the finest ever furnished in the church. Everythingwas perfect, from the salted almonds in the tiny, hand-made cases to the demi tasse, and was served in courses. Before the banquet, and after a short reception in the church parlors, the members of the classes and invited guests assembled in the church auditorium and listened to a musical program, among the chief features of which were several selections by the Sunday-school orchestra, consisting of ten pieces under the leadership of Miss M. M. Fridley of the Philathea Class. Speaking followed the banquet, Dr. J. H. Goodell presiding in his usual happy and tactful manner. The topics presented had been chosen wich the purpose of emphasizing the modern conception of the Sunday-school with its separate rooms, organized classes, thoroughly graded and equipped, as attractive and helpful for adults as for children. It is a great mistake to be continually mentioning and making prominent children in connection with the Bible school. The emphasis should be laid on its work for adults. Go after them, get them, and the children will surely follow them. But they are not inclined to follow children. One of the most agreeable features of the occasion was the ability, thorough preparation and spirit of consecration shown by members of the classes to whom toasts had been given. During the past year nine young men and young women have united wih the church from these two classes, all but one on confession of faith. The following are the topics presented and they are reported with the thought that some other school may in a similar way introduce to its young people the work and possibilities of the organized Bible class: The Old Fashioned Sunday-school, Maud B. McCormick; Marshall A. Hudson, the Man Who Wants a Million, Dr. F. R. McQuilkin; Some Things Already Accomplished, Mabelle L. Noble; Some Far Reaching Results of the Organized Bible Class, Paul Hallingby; The Coming Bible School, Maud E. Hampton; Bible Study as Related to Manhood, Alfred D. Tenney; Why Not the Best?, Silas W. Mack..

## WASHINGTON.

**Sunnyside.**—The contract has been let for a parsonage of seven rooms. The church has purchased a lot adjoining its lots on the corner of Eighth and F streets.

## THE JOINT MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The meetings of the campaign in Oregon and Washington are proving very successful in arousing interest among Congregationalists in the condition and needs of the great missionary projects of the denomination. The movement has been called a "campaign of awakening," and the morning conferences especially, where pastors, delegates from the churches, and visiting speakers gather for discussion of the condition of the work and the need of heartier cooperation on the part of the churches, fully justify this name by the startling facts there presented.

At Forest Grove and Salem, the first rallies on the Pacific Coast, the meetings were well attended and the churches of these groups have manifested their interest in a very practical way by giving their share of the $500,000 hoped for as one result of the campaign. Meetings have also been held at Walla Walla, Spokane, and North Yakima,

while Tacoma, Seattle and Portland are preparing with energy and enthusiasm for the rallies to be held at those points within the next few days.

On Tuesday, March 16th, the first meeting of the campaign in California will be at Lodi, bringing together representatives of the churches of the Sacramento and San Joaquin associations, and in the same week, on Thursday, March 18th, and Friday, March 19th, are to be held the important meetings at Oakland and San Francisco, in each case at the First Congregational Church. On March 23d the churches of the Sonoma Association meet at Santa Rosa, and two days later, on the 25th, the final rally in Northern California will be held at San Jose.

The group of speakers representing the National Societies at all of these meetings includes the following: Secretary Cornelius H. Patton, Secretary H. Melville Tenney, and Rev. Geo. W. Hinman, a missionary from China, representing the American Board; Supt. J. L. Maile, of Southern California and Rev. Dwight S. Bayley, of Montana, representing the Home Missionary Society; Rev. James W. Cooper, of New York, Corresponding Secretary of the A. M. A., and Rev. H. L. Hoyt, a prominent field worker from Southern California, in the interests of this important work. In addition to these, several leading California pastors will speak at the various meetings, among them being Revs. Geo. C. Adams, of San Francisco, C. R. Brown, of Oakland, and W. H. G. Temple, of Sacramento.

The general plan of the California rallies will be the same as in other parts of the country: an all-day meeting at each point, with a delegated conference in the morning, a public missionary meeting in the afternoon, with addresses by the visiting speakers, and in the evening a supper, followed by informal addresses. The plan does not include collections, nor public appeals for money; but it is expected that the interest aroused will be so great as to bring in private subscriptions that will materially swell the Campaign Fund.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. Leslie Briggs has accepted the call recently extended by the Second Church, Oakland.

The San Francisco Association meets on Thursday of next week in Bethlehem Church.

The Rev. H. H. Wikoff of the Church Building Society goes to Ashland, Oregon, for next Sunday in the interests of the society.

The Bay Association will meet with the church at Niles on Tuesday of next week. There will be forenoon and afternoon sessions.

Next Monday the Rev. Mr. Vaughan of the Baptist theological seminary will address the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

The Rev. Mr. Washburn, Lodi, sends in five new subscribers for The Pacific at the introductory rate—$1.00 for the first year. It is hoped that other pastors will take this matter up soon. It is the only way to keep up the list in any satisfactory manner. Canvassers cannot be afforded.

Pilgrim Church, Oakland, will give a reception to its new pastor on Friday evening of next week, to which friends about the bay are invited. At the farewell reception in Mexico City, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson were the recipients, each, of $250 in gold, to be used in furnishing the new home in Oakland or in such other manner as they might elect.

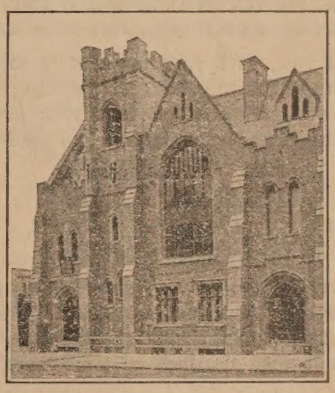
The California Christian Advocate says of the paper on Russia, which the Rev. Charles R. Brown read at the meeting of the Methodist ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday: "Not many times in the history of the preachers' meeting has it been treated to such a luminous, such a vigorous and comprehensive paper. Dr. Brown sees things literally, philosophically, politically and economically. He is a master in clearness, force and argument. Dr. Brown, from every standpoint, has truly a great mind. With all due respect to the First Congregational Church, Oakland, Dr. Brown ought to have a great pulpit in San Francisco, where ten thousand people could hear him every Sunday. Protestantism in this city needs just such an interpretation as Dr. Brown is able to give it."

## LEST YOU FORGET!

Glory McWhirk, a character in Mrs. Whitney's story, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," was wont to say, "There are lots of good times in the world, and I'm not in them."

In order that many may be in one of the good times, to be enjoyed in the completion of the Green Street Church in San Francisco, so that it can go on in its great work unhampered, we again call attention to the fact that there must needs be effort all along the line if that conditional offer of $5000 from a friend in the East is secured.

We understand that Deacon Hays of the First Church



of San Francisco is arranging for laymen to go out to some of the churches on Sunday, March the 14th, to present the Green Street cause. It ought to have presentation at that time or very soon thereafter in every church in the Northern California Conference.

Christian work is being done in the Green Street Church in San Francisco in the only way suitable for that part of the city, and the churches of the fellowship cannot afford to have that work hampered and restricted as it must be without the completion speedily of the building.

That money will be raised. The question is, Who will have part in the good work that is being done there?—one of the best works on the Pacific coast.

It exalts a heart to bend itself to another's uplift, and it glories a life to help remedy the world's ills.

## QUARTERLY MEETING WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

On account of the Joint Missionary Campaign meetings the quarterly meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary

Union will be postponed to March 25, when it will be held in Plymouth Church, Oakland.

### W. B. M. P. NOTICE.

All the churches, ladies' societies, junior and Christian Endeavor societies that are planning to send offerings toward the boxes that the W. B. M. P. are to send to INDIA, April 1 and TURKEY, June 1, are asked to note the following, taken from the American Board Alamanac of Missions: **"A carefully detailed list must be sent, stating the kind, quality, and value of each article in each box or parcel."**

If all will conform to this request it will greatly lessen the labors of the superintendents. The superintendents of boxes are Mrs. F. W. Dean, 1649 Hayes St., San Francisco; Miss C. D. Tenney, 2227 Andover St., Oakland. Please send all offerings to the Oakland address.

# THE HOME

### BORDER LAND.

I know you are always by my side,
And I know you love me, Winifred, dear;
For I never called on you since you died,
But you answered tenderly, I am here!

So come from the misty shadows, where
You came last night and the night before;
Put back the veil of your golden hair,
And let me look in your face once more.

Ah! it is you; with your brow of truth,
Ever too pure for the least disguise;
With the same smile on the loving mouth,
And the same sweet light in the tender eyes.

You are my own, my darling still;
So do not vanish or turn aside;
Wait till my eyes have had their fill,
Wait till my heart is pacified!

You have left the light of your higher place;
And ever thoughtful, and kind, and good,
You come with your old familiar face,
And not with the look of your angelhood.

Still the touch of your hand is soft and light,
And your voice is gentle, kind and low;
And the very roses you wear tonight
You wore in the summers long ago.

O World! you may tell me I dream or rave,
So long as my darling comes to prove
That the feet of the spirit cross the grave,
And the loving live, and the living love.

—Phoebe Cary.

### THE WISE WOMAN BUILDETH HER HOUSE.

**By David Lyall.**

Two men who had just arrived at Liverpool on a Saturday afternoon by one of the Atlantic steamers, by an accident missed the boat train.

Out of this small incident arose a great issue in the life of a woman whom neither of them had ever seen. Finding they had two hours to wait for the next London train at Exchange Station, they took a stroll up Lord Street, which was so dull on a Saturday afternoon that they were glad to turn into a tea-shop to spend half-an-hour. It was very crowded; they found two seats, however, at a table where two ladies were already sitting. One of them was middle-aged and very kindly-looking; the other young, and extremely pretty. Both men glanced at her with interest, a little heightened, perhaps, by the fact that in the pursuit of their calling in a very remote part of the Empire they had been cut off from the privilege of companionship with women of their own kind and class. They ordered tea, and while they waited, talked inconsequently, precisely as if nobody were within hearing. It is astonishing what things people will discuss in a public place, and how apt they are to forget that the world is very small, after all, and that the birds of the air carry all sorts of undreamed-of messages from point to point. The two ladies were rather silent, and both men gathered the same impression that the younger was not particularly happy.

"I wish you wouldn't go home to-night, Gladys," said the elder woman, "I particularly want you to stop till Monday."

"I feel I must go to-day, dear Aunt Georgie; don't say any more about it. Why, I've been here quite three weeks."

"And when will you come back?"

"I don't know—perhaps never."

"Nonsense, child; don't speak so recklessly. You've enjoyed it, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," she answered listlessly. "As much as I enjoy anything nowadays. I tell you what, Aunt Georgie, girls are fools ever to part with their liberty. They think it will be the same afterwards, but it never is."

Both the men simultaneously observed, for the first time, that she wore a wedding ring.

The elder lady made no reply, and the two men went on with their talk. One of them presently, when the waittresss set the tray before them, made a very definite observation: "Gillespie's wife must be an awful fool, of course, and somebody ought to tell her."

"Who could? It would be beastly. Besides, he has'nt done anything wrong, he never would, of course: he's too good a chap to go a hair's breadth off the straight. And if he did, the fault would be entirely hers. If I had a wife, which the fates forbid, I should take jolly good care that she shared the fortunes of war with me. Of course, nobody pretends the Isthmus is a particularly salubrious place of abode. I dreamed of it last night—that ghastly stretch of arid sand, and the pitiless sky, and the scanty natives—it was a nightmare. All the same, Gillespie has got hold of a good thing, and he's a wise man to stick to it. But if Mrs. G. doesn't take a sudden thought she'll find it pretty difficult to—to—well, make up her innings, as it were. You see, the other girl has everything on her side, and she happens to be his own nationality, too, which, believe me, with the Scotch counts a lot. They stick like limpets to one another."

There was a sudden movement at the end of the table, and a cup of tea was spilled, which caused the elder lady to make a profuse apology as the brown stream rolled towards the end of the table where the two men sat. Then she laid her hand rather heavily on the younger woman's shoulder.

"Come, Gladys."

Her voice was at once commanding and entreating, but the girl shook her head quite decidedly.

"No, Aunt Georgie, sit down at once, if you please, I want some more tea."

There was something so compelling in the girl's voice, a note so strained and sharp, that, though she blamed her own weakness, the aunt obeyed. The incident over, the men continued their talk concerning the affairs of their acquaintances at the Isthmus.

"Awfully good chap is Muirhead, and Mrs. Muirhead is very nice too, and, of course, they see quite well what's going on. Belle Muirhead is such a jolly, straight, common-sense sort of a girl, who makes the best of a joke even of the mosquitoes and the sand storms, a fellow can't help liking her, and there's no doubt she likes Gillespie, and that they're a lot together more than is good for either of them, considering he has a wife at home."

"I quite agree. I just hinted as much to David the last night we were there. He took it very well, but he didn't give a chap any satisfaction."

"Didn't he? Well, I can't blame him, hanged if I can. What is a chap to do if his wife deserts him and her refusal to live where his work is was desertion, whatever she or her people may call it. Hang it all, he must get a little consolation somewhere."

"It's a pity someone wouldn't drop a hint, though. Don't happen to know anybody who knows David's people-in-law, do you?"

"No; they're brewers south of London, somewhere—might as well look for a needle in a haystack. Besides, it's no business of ours, the third party never gets any thanks. But when I saw how the wind was blowing out there, I couldn't help recalling an old Bible sentence my dad used to read out to us from the Proverbs on a Sunday afternoon: 'The wise woman buildeth her house.' That's what Mrs. G. has neglected to do."

He shoved back his chair as he spoke, and rose, beckoning to the waitress to bring the bill. His eyes fell on the pretty face opposite, and it did strike him that she had grown rather pale. Her eyes were down-bent on the marble table, however, and she did not lift them. He looked back as he waited a moment at the pay-desk opposite, and met her eyes. He imagined he read defiance in them.

"Jack, I believe that little party knows Gillespie. Oh, I say, it couldn't possibly be Mrs. G., could it? Did you ever see a photograph of her in David's room?

"Never, you're dreaming, Tom; the nightmare of the Isthmus hasn't left you yet. It's unwise, though, to mention names in a public place. I must remember that in future. But anyhow, it was only the truth, and if it did happen to be Mrs. G., why, she might live to thank us for it yet."

They passed out together from the place, then the older woman leaned across the table, and her hand closed over the slim, white fingers where the wedding ring hung rather loosely.

"Come, dear, we ought to have gone before. It was very unwise to listen. But I think you should not lay too much stress on what these young men said. Men talk lightly, and they are really fonder of gossip than any of us."

"They spoke the truth, Auntie, the absolute truth. I've known it for some time."

She was very quiet; unnaturally so, it seemed to her aunt, who felt herself at a loss.

She herself was not greatly surprised; she had, indeed, as delicately as she could, suggested what disaster might arise from her niece's continued reluctance to join her husband at his post.

"In the last six letters I've had from David, he has never so much as mentioned that I might come out. At first he used to keep on in every letter. Now I understand he doesn't want me; he has consoled himself."

"No, no, darling, David is a good man; he will be true to you. Don't let this idea strike root."

"It has been there some time, Auntie. Well, are you ready? No, I am not going to the station, nor back to London at all. I shall stop here and go to New York next week by the very first boat I can get. Perhaps," she added a little hurriedly, as she drew on her long, soft gloves, "it'll be too late."

"No, no, God forbid! It will not be too late darling. Shall we go out and cable to David?'

"No, Aunt Georgie; if you do that I shall never forgive you. It would spoil everything. I must take my chances; and if—and if it should be too late, then I have nobody on earth but myself to blame."

Gladys thought of the description she had heard in a Liverpool restaurant of her husband's surroundings when she reached them about three weeks later. It was a very hot day, and the pitiless sky of a penetrating steely blue color seemed to promise no hope of welcome for her.

She arrived at the temporary port by the river steamer; and there was a little crowd upon the quay. She saw a white frock and a green parasol, the only Englishwoman's dress beside a handful of natives and one or two Englishmen. She went below when the boat drew to the landing-stage, gathered her few things together, took her dressing-bag in her hand, and ascended to the deck with a very strange expression on her face.

Her last act as she left her cabin was to look in the glass, and the vision there seemed to mock at her. Gone the pink-and-white bloom, the soft baby outline that had first won Gillespie's heart; it was the face of a hard woman, a woman who had suffered and who was now in desperate straits. The moment she reached the deck, she saw him. He was standing with his back to her, speaking to one of the men who had traveled on the boat with her, and whom evidently he had come to meet. The girl in white was by his side. It was at her Gladys looked, her eager, almost despairing eyes devouring her lineaments. There was no particular beauty, but merely a frank, open, pleasant face, a slim, well-modelled figure, some grace of carriage; but Gladys was in the mood to exaggerate everything, and to belittle herself. She stepped forward; the man to whom Gillespie was speaking said something which made his companion visibly start. He turned his head quicky and saw his wife. Then his face went white, as hers did, and she remembered nothing more. When she came to herself she was inside a little shanty on the quay, half sitting, half reclining, on a wooden bench, David bending ver her anxiously. They were quite alone. She struggled to her feet.

"Tell me David, quite truly, as if you were speaking for your life. Am I too late?"

"Too late for what?"

"Too late for you. They said I would find it difficult to make up my innings.I won't try, if I'm too late."

Gillespie looked at her in sheer bewilderment. He scarcely yet realized that his wife was by his side, or what this wholly unlooked-for step on her part could mean. For once his slow Scotch comprehension was against him, and deepened the distrust in his wife's mind.

"Was that her in the white frock, the girl who—who has given you the consolation?"

His face began to redden a little, but he straightened himself and looked her in the face.

"Gladys, I gather that something has happened—somebody has been telling you things. If that is all that has bas brought you, my—my dear, to convict me, as it were, it's a poor look-out or us both."

She took a step nearer to him and laid a small pleading hand on his arm. Never in all their dual life had he seen such an expression of appeal on her face, and it moved him mightily.

"David, I know what I have done, and I've come to—to see for myself whether it is too late. If you want me, I'm here, and I'll—I'll be different; but if what they said was true, I'll go away again, and you'll never hear of me any more."

"Then you do care a little yet, Gladys? I was beginning to doubt it."

"It doesn't matter about me," she said, feverishly. "Everything deepnds on you. Do you want me? Can I stop? Will you be glad? Oh, David, do you love me still?

* ** * * * *

They came out of the little shanty after a long time with peace on their faces.

"It was all lies they said, after all," she said, as she stood just a moment looking round the weird, yet not unpicturesque scene. "Why, it's a beautiful—heavenly place, and I would rather build here than anywhere else in the world."

"Build what?" he asked, in a puzzled voice.

But she only answered him enigmatically, as before:

"The wise woman buildeth her house."—British Weekly.

# Young People

## TAN-BARK.

**By Anne Rankin Murrey.**

The way to the Barker place lay off the pike some miles through zig zag lines bordered with elder bushes and stunted buckeyes. There was a slushy bit of creek road, too, just above the rocky point where all the spring branches in the country seemed to come together to form a respectable contribution to the waters of the larger creek which drained the adjacent farms up and down its riverlike length. But once reached, the home of Eli Barker was worth visiting. There were numerous stately beeches and elms shading a lawn of close-cropped blue grass, where the invariable presence of several young Jersey calves indicated a bountiful supply of those products which we naturally expect to enjoy at a well-regulated farm table. The white-and-green, story-and-a-half house, with high-pitched roof and ample porches, occupied just the spot which it would seem that nature intended it should. Comfortable barns and poultry houses in the rear convinced one of the prosperous conditions there even before the eye fell upon the long, gentle slope of corn and cotton fields which extended in unbroken beauty to the tree-fringed borders of the big creek.

Mrs. Barker had not been brought up on a farm; and it was greatly to her credit that, once reconciled to the abandonment of certain romantic and extravagant ideals, she had met the emergencies of country life in a manner that exhibited itself thriftily in everything about her. Her only serious trouble and painful disappointment was encountered in her only child, and it was perhaps due to him that she had so readily "settled down in her mind" and become the woman she was. There is nothing that will so subdue the foolish side of a woman as the care of an exceedingly dependent child.

Tannhauser Barker was now eighteen years old; and whether his was a case of congenital defect or one of arrested development, it is but charitable to say that he was very slow of intellect. There were some (the same who spoke of Mrs. Barker settling down in mind) who declared that his mother had so burdened him with a name that his wits were crippled through carrying it. But that could not in reason be so, because from the very beginning, before he was old enough to know what sort of a name he was carrying, his father called him nothing more grievous to be borne than plain "Tan." And he had come out of his first adventure with street boys, in the days before the farm, rechristened, in pretended imitation of his own pronunciation, "Tan-Bark." And Tan-Bark he had been ever since, regardless of his mother's chagrin. It is quite possible that at the time of the child's naming Mrs. Barker had never heard of the German poet; but the high-sounding name, as emblazoned on the town billboards advertising the opera, occurred to her romantic-loving senses as an acceptable offset to homely Barker. And her matter-of-fact husband was willing enough to have her please herself, although he could never comprehended wherein lay the superiority of Tannhauser over Elihu.

In the matter of books all that Tan-Bark had succeeded in mastering reach but a little way boyond the rudimentary combinations of letters and figures; but firm muscles, sound lungs and brown skin bespoke for him an intimacy with outdoor life that upon investigation doubtless would have proved a deeper knowledge of many things than any one suspected he possessed. He lived close to the ground except when the birds sang in the trees above him, and then he lifted up his head and whistled with them; or when he met a child in the lane or on the pike or at his home or anywhere, and then the soul of him showed itself in wonderful tenderness. His love for children was the one passion known and recognized by his parents; and when he was not at work in the fields or roaming the woods or whistling about the barn, they knew that he was certain to be off at a neighbor's somewhere, playing with the children. And the children were sure to be happy.

On the lower part of the Barker place, on a slight knoll above the creek bank, a former owner had built a queer up-and-down house—one room above the other—presumably for farm tenants, but which Mr. Barker had rented for a pittance to a man who worked an adjoining field on shares and eked out some sort of a living for his family by peddling fish which he caught out of the creek. The woman had done the Barker family washing a time or two in an emergency; but on the whole the work of both was poorly done, and the family was looked upon as one of the unthrifty, ne'er-do-well sort generally known in a community as "poor whites," and, as such, held in contempt by the negroes. They were ignorant and dirty, and it was for these reasons that Mrs. Barker objected to her son extending his attentions and benefactions to the two little girls who played around the muddy doorstep and always smelled strongly of fish. "That class of people will accept all you do for them and are none the better," she said. "It is sufficient that we are kind to them and would not see them suffer. The children are too dirty for you to go about them."

"They are little children," answered Tan-Bark in his wide-eyed, innocent way. "The place they live makes no difference; the dirt makes no difference. They are little children." He would have said the same of Mrs. Marsh's children, who lived in the finest big brick house on the pike

and rode in an automobile. He had often said to the mothers round about, "The dirt makes no difference," when they objected to his picking up an unwashed small charge and taking it off for a good time on his own or a neighbor's lawn. If they were children, they deserved the best he could give them. It was the child, not the clothes, that he loved. And in this he was better and wiser than many another.

Tan-Bark had a pet expression which was ever on his lips, and the spirit of which he enforced at all times. It was "Never give up." "Never give up!" he called to the boy or girl who was searching for the hidden ones in their hide-and-seek games, and he never allowed them to surrender. In any game a boy must not acknowledge himself whipped if he had done his best. It was only the coward that was beaten. He saw to it that there was fair play, and then that everybody stood to his post. Among all his little playmates there was never a child who sulked and "wouldn't play." He had taught himself, by constant repetition of the phrase, to never give up; and no one ever knew him to lay down the plow or the hoe in the middle of a row. He always worked to the end. Even the old negro cook was many a time encouraged by his cheery "Never give up," although she garrulously deplored his not giving up his association with "them trashy child'en down by the creek."

But all this I am telling about Tan-Bark is only that I may relate the story of the dreadful flood which that spring swept down the big creek valley and created consternation in the farm homes from midnight until dawn. Such devastation of fields and herds was unprecedented. Never before had a human life been lost that way since the oldest could recollect, and but for the bravery and persistence of Tannhauser Barker an entire family inevitably would have perished.

The weather had been sultry and the clouds dull and lowering for several days, but when the lights in the farmhouses up and down the creek went out at bedtime that eventful night there was no slightest indication of anything out of the ordinary. Tan-Bark had been down along the creek bank that afternoon, following a curious trail eventually ended in the high-up hollow of a tree; and he had then turned back to play a game or two with "the fishy children," as he fondly called the small girls by the creek side. The mother had insisted that he stay to supper and have some fresh fried fish, but this he never did any where. Mealtime invariably found him in his place at his mother's table. The room where Tan-Bark slept was upstairs, and the two dormer windows looked out over the fields toward the creek. He always slept well, and that night was no exception; but even the far, faint cry of a child was sufficient to awaken him. How was it possible for him to hear the cry of a child so far from the habitation of children? He sprang from his bed and looked out; and then he knew dully that a storm was raging somewhere, that a flood was rushing with awful fury through his own waterway, and that the cries he heard were for help.

By the time he reached the yard his father was there and his mother and the cook. What to do was the question. Nobody answered it, but Tan-Bark began at once dragging the boat (which was kept in an unused barn stall during the winter months, and which had not yet been taken to the creek) out into the blinding darkness.

Mrs. Barker and the cook had gone to get lights, and Mr. Barker was groping in the darkness and trying to shout a warning to his son above the shriek of the wind which seemed bent upon tearing the world to pieces. "You can do nothing with the boat," he was saying. "The wind is too high. There is too much water. It is too swift."

But if the boy heard he never for a moment relaxted his efforts to load the boat on a wagon and get to the water with it as quickly as possible. The two women followed, bending and beating against the wind and crying out that the family on the creek bank could not by any means be saved, and that it was mere folly to try. They begged the men not to risk their own lives in such a fultile attempt at rescue. Mr. Barker could hear them now and then and attempted to answer, but Tan-Bark seemed to hear nothing save the occasional screams of a woman in distress and the pitiful little wails of children scarecely alive. From the wind and the waves the human voices could scarcely be distinguished.

Hour after hour the two men worked, trying to launch the little boat and keep it from being beaten back or broken against the floating debris. "Never give up!" was shouted in clear, full tones whenever there was a chance for the message to carry. And once a faint "Thank God" came as assurance that the word of encouragement had been received with fervent appreciation.

Afterwards the voices ceased; and Mr. Barker, weary to exhaustion, told his son that they must give up.

"Never give up," was all the answer he received, and a little later the father knew that the boat with its one occupant was afloat far out in the current.

With the first gray shadows the fact was revealed that the place where the fisherman's house had stood was the midst of the torrent, and that the house had gone downstream. Tan-Bark and his boat were out of sight; but directly a reassuring note had sounded, and he came ashore with a half drowned baby which he had found floating in a cradle. The wind was abating some now, making a second putting forth easier; and he returned once more with the two little girls and the hopeful report that the balance of the family were lodged in trees, and that he could save them. This he did for the mother, but the father and one child had "not come up after the house went over."

"We climbed out on the roof when the water came in the upstairs," the woman explained feebly; "and then the house went, and we were all scattered; but I caught two of the children and held them in the tree. The baby was never got out on the roof, and I don't know how it could have been saved alive. It was only Mr. Tan's calling that kept us in reason."

"Nobody else could have done the deed," Mr. Barker told his weeping wife when all were safe in the house, "because nobody but Tan could have held out with his 'Never give up' to the end. He counted the lives of those children whom he loved of far greater value than his own and he would have died before he would have come to shore empty-handed."

On the third day after the flood the body of the rescued mother, who had not been able to survive the shock, was laid away in the same grave with that of her husband, which was discovered in the drift a mile below; but the two little girls and the baby boy had found a home which in time became theirs by legal adoption.

"They are ours by every right," Mrs. Barker said, and again her husband was willing enough that she should have her way. "I have learned from my own boy that it is the child itself that we should value, and not the circustances surrounding it. Education will do everything for these little ones."

And instead of saying "Amen," Tan-Bark solemly affirmed the words by a hearty "Never give up!"

### THE DOLLS' CONFERENCE.

The little girl had gone to sleep
And left her dollies on the floor,
And there they lay in tumbled heap,
Waiting the closing of the door.

A moment passed, they heard it bang
And listened with a startled air,
Then quickly to their feet they sprang
And scampered for the easy chair.

The oldest doll, a rubber one,
With ragged dress and dirty face,
Said: "O dear me what have I done
That I should come to such a place?"

"Once I was new and clean and bright,
With pretty dress and fine red hat,
But now I'm in a dreadful plight—
A plaything for a dog or cat.

"My battered body's full of holes,
My nose is gone, my feet all chewed.
What have I ever said or done
That I should have such treatment rude?"

Then "Topsey" spoke to "Dolly Dumps."
"I'm sorry that you suffer so.
I, too, have had my share of bumps,
And I can sympathize you know.

"But then I think the little girl
Is nothing but a baby yet.
So when she tumbles me about,
I soon forgive and soon forget.
"I'm only a poor nigger doll,
With staring eyes and woolly head,
But I am sure she loves me well;
She cries to have me in her bed.

"She hugs me and she kisses me
And puts me in her red high chair,
And tries to feed me with a spoon,
And brushes out my woolly hair."

"Doll Susie" piped up high and shrill,
"I know what Topsey says is true,
So cheer up poor old 'Dolly Dumps,'
Don't feel so bad and look so blue.

Here's "Jimmie Boy," the brand new doll,
Dressed in his Brownie suit of clothes.
I'm sure he will discouraged be
If you talk only of your woes.

"What matter if you are not new
And bright and clean as you were once.
The little girl is fond of you,
So do not mope and play the dunce."

The rubber doll was comforted
And once more wore a smiling face,
And when the morning sun shone in,
Each doll was in its proper place.

—Charlotte Halvorsen, Oakdale, Cal.

### DR. GOUCHER'S BOYHOOD VIEW OF LINCOLN.

For a number of years, from time to time, we had tried to persuade Dr. Goucher to give us for publication his boyish interview with Lincoln, and just before he sailed on the Republic he placed it in our hands. We publish it because of its intrinsic interest and to suggest to parents that they may give their children pleasing reminiscences of great men and great things, and thank their parents for giving them such opportunities:

When Mr. Lincoln was on his way to Washington to be inaugurated the first time, he broke his journey for a few hours in Pittsburgh. At breakfast my oldest brother said, "Father, Mr. Lincoln is at the Monongahela House. Can I go down to see him?" To which my father replied, "Yes, my son." My second brother said, "Father, can I go, too? I would like to see Mr. Lincoln." To which my father also assented.

I was small for my age, having been frequently ill and compelled to spend much time in the house during my childhood, and was then far from strong. I said, "Father, I would like to see Mr. Lincoln. Can't I go with brother?" But my oldest brother said, "I would rather not have the care of Johnny in the crowd; he may get hurt." Father told them they could go and I saw he purposed to take me, but before he had time to say so, I said, "Father, can't you trust me to take care of myself? I think I am as anxious not to get hurt as you are to keep me from harm:" To which he replied, "Yes, my son, I can trust you, you may go."

Not being familiar with the ways of the world, I supposed it was proper if you wished to see a person, to go where he was. So I went to the Smithfield St. entrance of the Monongahela House and found several gentlemen going in to pay their respects to the President-elect. I learned afterward they were the members of the City Council. The eagerness of my desire and my innocence of any sense of impropriety caused me to walk in with them without any hesitation, and while the councilmen immediately in front and behind looked at me, each evidently thought I was the son of the other, and I passed along unchallenged.

When we had ascended the stairs from the office and turned to the left down the hall on the river side of the hotel to Mr. Lincoln's private parlor, at the door of which he was standing to receive the councilmen, I stepped out of the line, possibly twenty feet away, and heard the brief address with which they greeted him, and his reply, and then saw each in turn presented to him and was impressed with the courteous phrases which they exchanged as they shook hands.

After the councilmen had passed and he turned to re-enter his room I started to follow them out, and noticed that Mr. Lincoln's face, which had been animated during the reception, settled at once into a sad and wearied expression, which pained me greatly. Hearing me approaching, or unconsciously perhaps, he looked back, and seeing me looking at him so interestedly, he turned and stepped out into the hall again; and as I reached out my hand, he stooped and with a most gentle smile took it in both of his, covering my hand and arm almost to the elbow. Looking up into his deep, wonderful, kindly eyes, I said, "It is a great pleasure, Mr. President, to shake hands with you." He held my hand for a moment in his warm strong grasp and then said, "God bless you, my son. Love God, obey your parents and serve your country, and you will give the world cause to remember and honor you." To which I replied, "Thank you, Mr. President."

When our family came together at dinner, father said to my oldest brother, "Did you see Mr. Lincoln?" To which he replied, "Yes, father, I climbed upon some boxes on the opposite side of the street, and after a long time he came out on the balcony and I watched him while he made a short speech. I heard him say, 'Fellow citizens,' and caught an occasional word," but could not tell what he was saying." My father asked my other brother if he had seen Mr. Lincoln and he said, "I saw him, but heard only a few words of his speech." When he asked me if I had seen Mr. Lincoln, I replied, "Yes, father, I shook hands with him," and told him how it had occurred, to his evident satisfaction and the interest of my brothers.

From that time on I felt a keen personal regard for Mr. Lincoln, which was deepened into reverence when I looked upon the face of our martyred President as he lay coffined in the State House at Harrisburg en route to his burial.—Christian Advocate.

### HOW INSECTS MAKE MUSIC.

The katydid has a wing that is very curious to look at, says Laura Roberts, in "Four Feet, Two Feet, and No Feet." You have seen this little green insect, I have no doubt. Its color is light green, and just where the wing joins the body there is a thick ridge, and another wing. On this ridge there is a thin, but strong skin, which makes a sort of drumhead.

It is the rubbing of these two ridges of drumheads together which makes the noise you have heard. There is no music in it, certainly. The insects could keep quiet, if they wished, but they must enjoy making the noise.

The katydid sometimes makes two rubs on its drumhead and sometimes three. You can fancy, she says, "Katy did," "She did," or "She didn't." The moment it is very dark they begin. Soon the whole company is at work. As they rest after each rubbing, it seems as if they answered each other.

Did you know that bees hum from under their wings? It is not the stir of those beautiful light wings we hear. It is the air drawing in and out of the airtubes in the bee's quick flight.

### AN INCIDENT IN WILLIAM McKINLEY'S LIFE.

The Rev. Dr. James Chalmers, of Elgin, Ill., tells the following story of President McKinley's boyhood days, which will illustrate his characteristic honesty:

John Robinson's circus was coming to town, and William wanted to go, but the money was not forthcoming to pay his admission. The McKinleys kept hens; so did their neighbors. The hens were hiding their nests. William's mother told him that by finding a hen's nest and bringing her the eggs day by day he could get together enough money to pay his own way into the circus.

And the boy did find a hidden nest just inside the line fence. Day by day he gathered the eggs. But the day be-

fore the circus was to come, being over-anxious and going to collect his treasures too early in the morning, he startled and drove from the nest the hen that was laying for him the golden eggs, when, lo and behold! she crossed the line fence and rejoined the neighbor's flock of hens where she belonged.

Poor William, downcast and crestfallen, hastened to his mother and without a moment's hesitation, but with tears in his eyes, said, "Mother, I cannot go to the circus." And then he told her of his discovery that the eggs were not their own, but must be returned to their neighbors.

But when theh boy came back after delivering to the neighbor the eggs he had collected, his mother, with a swelling pride which she had never before experienced, quietly said to him: "You have proved once more, my son, that honesty is the best policy, and you shall go to the circus, William, besides."

This incident, related by his mother, I repeated to Mr. McKinley one day at my own dinner-table in my Columbus home when he was Governor of Ohio, and asked him if it was authentic. "Yes," he said, "and it was the lesson of my life. From that day I made it the motto of my life never to appropriate my neighbor's eggs; and"—he added, with a twinkle in his eye—"it has never kept me from going to the circus, either."

## HON. WILLIAM H. TAFT ON MISSIONS.

Hon. William H. Taft, Secretary of War, in his notable address at the recent meeting in behalf of foreign missions held in New York City, said: "Until I went to the Orient I did not realize the immense importance of foreign missions. We have got to wake up. We are not all there is in the world. There are lots of people besides us, who are entitled to our money and efforts and sacrifices. You cannot study the nations but you will realize that Christianity is the hope of modern civilization, for Christianity is the true democracy. The development of civilization in the Philippines depends upon the development of the power of the churches in the islands. * * * The influence of the people in the different churches upholds the hands of the civil governor for the maintenance of peace and order. I am talking practical facts upon the effect of religion on government, and I know what I am talking about."

## THE STORY OF A MASTERPIECE.

Moldering away on the wall of the old monastery in Milan, Italy, hangs the famous "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci. Like every masterpiece, the painting required many years of patient labor, and as a result of that labor it is perfect in its naturalness of expression and sublime in its story of love. In addition to these qualities it has an incident in its history that contributes not a little toward making it the great teacher that it is. It is said that the artist, in painting the faces of the Apostles, studied the countenances of good men whom he knew. When, however, he was ready to paint the face of Jesus in the picture he could find none that would satisfy his conception; the face that would serve as a model for the face of Christ must be dignified in its simplicity and majestic in its sweetness. After several years of careful search the painter happened to meet one, Pietro Bandinelli, a choir boy of exquisite voice, belonging to the cathedral. Being struck by the beautiful features and tender manner that bespoke an angelic soul, the artist induced the boy to be the study for the painting of the face of Jesus. All was done most carefully and reverently, but the picture was as yet incomplete, for the face of Judas was absent. Again the painter, with the zeal of a true lover of his art, set about in search of a countenance that might serve for the face of the traitor. Some years passed before his search was rewarded and the picture finally completed. As the artist was about to dismiss the miserable and degraded wretch who had been his awful choice, the man looked up at him and said, "You have painted me before." Horrified and dumb with amazement, the painter learned that the man was Pietro Bandinelli. During those intervening years Pietro had been at Rome studying music, had met with evil companions, had given himself up to drinking and gambling, had fallen into shameful dissipation and crime. The face that now was the model for the face of Judas had once been the model for the face of Christ.—Selected.

## EFFECT OF CIGARETTE SMOKING.

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your run-down condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette-smoker bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden a kind of a shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That's what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasnt' a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette-smoker, sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette-smokers have it.'

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—New Zealand Outlook.

## HOW EDDIE PREACHED.

"When I get big enough I'm going to be a preacher," said Eddie one day.

"What is a preacher?" said grandma.

Eddie looked surprised.

"Don't you know what a preacher is? A preacher is a man that tells people what the Bible means. And he says, 'Thirdly, my brethren,' and everybody listens to him. It's nice to have people listen to you."

Grandma smiled.

"I think you are big enough to preach now," she said.

"Really and truly, grandma?" asked the little boy eagerly.

"Yes, really and truly."

"I'm 'fraid not," said Eddie, after a few minutes of thought. "or I'd know how, and I don't."

"What does the preacher do first?" asked grandma.

"He takes a text, and then he 'splains it. I can't do that."

"O, yes, you can," said grandma. "Here is a good text for you to explain: 'Be ye kind one to another.' "

"There's nothing to 'splain 'bout that," said Eddie. "You just be kind to everybody, and that's all there is of it."

"A good text, though, for my little preacher's first sermon. I should like to have him preach from it for a week."

"Preach a week? Why, grandma, I can't."

"Can't you be kind to everybody you meet for one week?"

Eddie looked thoughtful.

"Would that be preaching?" he asked.

"It would, the very best kind. A good preacher has to preach in that way, or people will not listen to what he says in the pulpit."

"Well," said Eddie, with a sigh, "I suppose I can try; but I wasn't thinking 'bout that kind of preaching."

"You'll be showing everybody what that verse in the Bible means, you know," said grandma.

"It's not kind to the teacher to whisper in school," said Eddie, the next day, and he did not whisper once.

"It's not kind to Bridget to play along the road and keep my dinner waiting, either," and he hurried home from school.

"It's not being kind to mamma when I don't do errands promptly," he said; and he did quickly and well whatever he was bid.

Every day and all day he thought about what was kind, and tried to do it.

The end of the week came.

"How do you like preaching?" asked grandma.

"Why, I like it; but, grandma, I guess everybody must have been preaching 'bout that text, for everybody has been so kind to me."—The Mayflower.

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The kindest thing in the kindest way."